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"WALK RIGHT IN, GENTLEMEN, AND MAKE YOURSELVES AT HOME!"

PUCK.
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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF.....JOS. KEPPLER
BUSINESS MANAGER.....A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR.....H. C. GUNNER

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

"I am a Roman citizen!" was the proud trademark which the ancient Latins scattered, so to speak, over their conversation and literature. It was to them a perpetual matter for rejoicing. They found daily a fresh delight in the contemplation of the fact, and they made nuisances of themselves, in their communications with the outside world, by insisting on a general recognition of their peculiar good fortune. It is an anachronism, but we must say that they had a little of the Boston touch about them. But—you may have noticed it—the Roman had some cause for his self-gratulation. He had a handsome city to live in. He got a very superior article of government—a little too much of it from time to time, perhaps; but he was accustomed to that, as eels are to being skinned. His theatres were of stone, and couldn't burn up under any circumstances. He did not know what crowded steam ferryboats were, and nobody ever tore up his streets to lay steam-heating pipes.

"We are citizens of New York!" Let us therefore give thanks. For boss rule and all its miseries, O John Kelly, we thank thee. For unclean streets, for unclean officials, for unclean laws, we thank thee. For the curse of the Irish politician, and for his cursing and his cursedness, we thank thee. For a Board of Aldermen that gives up our streets to the mercy of a highly unpopular corporation, we thank thee. For General Spinola and for his shirt-collar, we thank thee. For a Mayor who eagerly runs his neck into thy collar, we thank thee, O John Kelly!

THURLOW WEED.

Obit Nov. 22nd, 1882.

Last night there was one statesman in the land—
Old Warwick, bent and blind, but Warwick still,
With something left of Warwick's strenuous will,
His subtle brain, and cunning, strong right hand,
That made him despot mild, dictator bland.
Now in the mighty City's proudest Square
The flags droop in the still November air
For the last leader worthy of command.

King-maker! Aye, he made a line of kings
Right kingly—but the people's servants yet—
Through his wise choice that looked beyond the fret
He lived in, of small men o'er little things.
Oh, gaunt, grand face, thou know'st the eternal dawn!
The master of our master minds is gone.

A. E. WATROUS.

"We are citizens of New York!" Let us give more thanks. For bad English actors and worse English plays on the stage, and for auditoriums with every facility offered for promptly and unexpectedly roasting the largest and most fastidious of audiences, we humbly thank the theatre managers and the examiner of public buildings. For a Code the like of which is not in the heavens above or the earth beneath or the waters under the earth; for mismanaged and dangerous L roads; for one stock-jobbing newspaper, and for no end of watered stock in everything, we do most humbly thank the Field Family. And we here drop one special and separate thank for the kind way in which the F. F. has undertaken to run our government and take care of our money and our liberties for us. For another stock-jobbing newspaper; for more watered stock, for high telegraph rates and for a corrupted judiciary we thank Mr. Jay Gould. For cabins that smell like a hencoop where an African monopolist has spent the night with one leg in a trap, we thank the Ferry Companies. For a great and important railroad run by underpaid boys; for two serious "accidents" on the said railroad; for still more watered stock, and for a precious addition to the polite colloquialisms of the day, in the phrase: "The public be damned!" we thank Mr. William H. Vanderbilt.

And for Puck, who voices these expressions of gratitude, shall we not also give thanks?

After a long and dreary journey the top of the mountain is reached, and from its precipitous heights the Land of Promise is in sight. It is the old Bible story retold, of the vast host of the Israelites, who, after undergoing hardships for their misdeeds for a long term of years, were at last permitted to catch a glimpse of the Land flowing with milk and honey, and ultimately to enter it, although not under their earlier leaders. The Democrats are much in the position of the stiff-necked, obstinate, ignorant and superstitious Orientals, whom Moses and Aaron undertook to keep in order.

And a pretty big contract it was, and they did not succeed very well. But nevertheless

the much-talked-of goal at last loomed up in roseate splendor, and the advance guard gaze with delight on the enchanting vista before them. Those who have studied the very interesting Bible narrative will remember that owing to the commands of Jehovah, the God of Israel, not being carried out in a manner to please Him, He said the Promised Land should only be seen from afar by a few of His favorites, but that they should not be allowed to live there. It may not be pleasant information for the Democratic party, but we must say frankly that we don't think the party has done anything to entitle it to the least consideration.

It ought certainly never to be permitted, constituted as it now is, to get hold of the National Government and order things according to its own ideas. By-the-way, the Democratic party has no ideas, unless it be an appetite for feeding at the public crib—and we don't think the public will let it do so. The great victory was a Republican rout, but not a triumph for Democrats. Their success is a fancied one, for it will not be lasting, and can be looked on only as a means to an end. That end, we hope, will be the rise of a new Independent National Party of honesty. Let the Democrats take all the comfort possible out of the view of the Land spread before them, for they must never enjoy its bounties.

Mr. John Kelly, we must admit, has decidedly got the better of us again. He has elected his Mayor, and, before another year has passed over our heads, may have a number of his trustworthy followers enjoying salaries from the Treasury of the City of New York as they have been doing pretty well all the time. It wasn't an exhilarating sight last week for Mr. Edson to be dining with Mr. John Kelly as the guest of the last named gentleman, together with the original Conference Committee of Twenty One on Democratic County Nominations. It wasn't exhilarating, because we all know what it means. It means that our Mayor-elect will be a nobody, while Mr. John Kelly will rule New York. We hope that we may be wrong, and Mr. Edson will disappoint our expectations, but we don't see how he is to help himself.

SOME CIRCULARS.

A few circulars issued by some prominent public men have fallen into our hands, and, as they may be of interest to our readers, we hasten to give them publicity, for we are desirous of doing the writers a good turn:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 28th, 1882.

To Capitalists, Monopolists, Emperors, and Potentates of all Grades:

Having concluded to retire from Congress and the naval department of the United States, I beg leave to offer my services to anybody who may yearn for them. It is not necessary to dwell on my unexampled and vast experience during the past ten years, especially in naval construction and destruction, the management of committees, the election of Speakers, the controlling of legislatures, the expenditure of appropriations, and the calm, cool and collected manner I have of comporting myself in the face of stormy opposition and bad language.

I have also an excellent, not to say profound, acquaintance with the value of old iron, old boilers, old machinery, old canvas, and junk of every description. No one has ever surpassed me in the faculty of buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market. It is clear, therefore, that any one who secures my services must profit by them to an enormous extent. Any nation that is groaning under the weight of an efficient navy I will undertake to relieve in such a short time that its people will soon forget that it ever had such a thing as a war ship.

Let me also call the attention of capitalists and railroad monopolists to my wrecking attainments. Although I have not had much to do with this branch of industry, I will guarantee to ruin effectually for its projectors, within less than a month, the best road ever constructed. Terms moderate.

SECOR ROBESON.

ALBANY, N. Y., Nov. 27th, 1882.

To All Whom it May or May Not Concern, and Capitalists-at-Large:

Governor Cornell presents his compliments to the public and capitalists-at-large, and has the honor to announce that it is his intention, at the beginning of the year 1883, to give up the profession of governing, and go into some other business that may be more congenial to

his taste. As he has given special attention to blind pools and such interesting methods of speculation, he believes that his services would be of immense value to any ambitious capitalist or aspirant for Wall Street influence.

Governor Cornell has also special knowledge of the best way of using the veto, and would be willing to so modify and adapt it that the process could be applied to all kinds of private organizations and stock companies. He would also mention that it will be quite in his power to carry out any contract he may make for even a long term of years, as it is not his intention in the future to become a candidate for any political office, or ever to offer himself for reelection.

DETROIT, Mich., Nov. 28th, 1882.

To M——:

I have great pleasure in announcing that, having devoted much of my time and attention to the collection of assessments, and given great satisfaction both to my employers and the assessed, I am now prepared to assess everybody and everything, from a bootblack to a penitentiary. I can specially recommend myself, because I never take "No" for an answer. I will undertake to get money out of the toughest and most close-fisted clerk, no matter how small or how large his salary may be, and will, if desired, so distribute the money collected that no one will ever know what has become of it.

JAY HUBBELL.

THE WHEREFORE.

A man is always sorely puzzled to know what to do when three or four valuable bundles are sent to his office on a rainy day, and he has on a new silk hat for the first time. Wouldst know the wherefore, constant reader? All right, this is the wherefore wherefored as whereforely as consistent, with all preconceived ideas of whereforeness. If the man carries the bundles home, his hat will be ruined, because he will have to leave his umbrella at the office to be stolen. If he carries his umbrella and leaves his bundles at the office, they will in all probability be stolen. On the contrary, if he should wear the bundles and—but this is becoming too complicated, and the reader had better figure it out to suit himself. For rates at Bloomingdale see Winter watering-place advertisements.

Puckeringings.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE—A fur-lined dolman.

RACY LITERATURE—"Krik's Guide to the Turf."

A THANKSGIVING NOVELTY, as well as a treat, is a turkey that may be cut without resorting to a pick-axe or a cross-cut saw.

SOME PHILOSOPHER remarks that at this time of the year the turkey generally has his stuffing knocked out, or words to that effect.

AND NOW the young lady makes a shaving-case for her young admirer, who, to save his life, couldn't raise moustache enough to destroy a plate of butter.

A MAN WHO has been helped four times to turkey and eighteen times to champagne can rarely see much significance in Thanksgiving at one o'clock the next morning.

UNDER KING ETHELBERT, it cost a Saxon three shillings to pull the nose of an enemy. But if the enemy happened to be larger than the Saxon, the Saxon had to pay his own doctor's bill.

NEXT YEAR the turkeys are going to organize a poultry protective union, in which they will admit geese, ducks and chickens, that the November slaughter may not fall only on one species of bird.

THE STARCH manufacturers of the West have formed a pool to prevent over-production. We are glad to hear this; it may have an effect on our washerwoman, who makes our shirt fronts, cuff and collars about as flexible as an iron shutter.

IT IS NOW the fashionable time of the year for young ladies to trot out a lot of cheap Sixth Avenue trinkets, and palm them off on visitors as souvenirs of a recent trip to Europe, together with romantic stories of climbing the Matterhorn, and sailing over Lake Como at moonlight.

WHEN A MAN wakes up in a boarding-house with an unpleasant series of lumps all over him, he knows that his mattress has been put on the bed of some new-comer who has rented one of the expensive rooms. It is fortunate for the occupant of hall bed-rooms that boarding-house napkins are all equal.

A BURGLAR RECENTLY broke into the residence of a wealthy banker, and cut a large canvas out of a frame and thought he had a Meissonier. But on the following day he was the maddest man in creation, when he reflected that he had risked his life to steal a chromo worth about two-dollars-and-a-half.

THE BOSTON *Globe* tells us how a turkey should be dressed. This is what the *Globe* has to say:

"How should a turkey be dressed?" A turkey, in order to be well dressed, should first be wholly undressed. The fewer feathers a turkey has when it comes on the table the more angelic it will appear.

This is no doubt true; but we always thought a turkey—that is a society turkey—should be dressed in silk, and wear a light polonaise, a pink turban, a pair of high-heeled shoes, a seal-skin sacque and an ostrich feather. But the *Globe* is right when it says a cooked turkey is more angelic without feathers. Any one who has eaten feathers to any extent will tell you this.

A REAL MATTER FOR THANKSGIVING.



THE BIRTH OF A NEW PARTY.

TEUTONIC DIET.

We have received a most choicely-worded circular from the Society for the Reform of the Social Habits of Foreigners, at Cambridge, which insists that many noble men and women are banding together to purify our social life, and that, as Civil Service Reform and Prohibition have taken the country by storm, it is high time that other evils of quite as serious a character were struck at. The evils which this society say are importations from the effete monarchies of Europe, and which are sapping the life-blood of the country, and causing the national fowl to experience lassitude and indisposition, are Limburger cheese and sauerkraut, two articles of diet which the society maintains are made of decomposed animal and vegetable matter. They also say that these edibles are used entirely by the Germans, in regard to and against whom the circular seems to be directed.

The hand-bill, which, by the way, is addressed

*To All who Love Our Glorious Institutions and
Care for the Welfare and Progress of
Our Country,*

quotes some medical authority who states that while raw ham only introduces *trichina spiralis* into the tissues of the body, Limburger cheese places the body on terms of intimacy with the dangerous *thyrophaga casei*, and sauerkraut assimilates the germs of fermentation with the intestines. This is sufficient to cause any one to sit down and reflect.

But why does the society that issues the circular confine its complaints to the Germans? Is it not only fair that other countries—say Ireland and England, for instance—should have a chance? Of course it is. And we shall just take ineffable pleasure in pointing out to the society some of the barbarities of other nations.

Now, there is Scotland to start on. There are many Scotchmen in this country, and they all eat oatmeal until their complexion is so roughened that you can light matches on their countenances. Consequently oatmeal should be denounced as an article of food, and placed in the same category with Limburger cheese and sauerkraut.

Then we have the Russian, who eat candles so ravenously that the provident Russian father has gas in his house, that he may have light. When a Russian bets on the election, he bets a candle dinner, and, when the Russian mother is out getting some silk matched, the children climb up on chairs and steal the candles like candy. Besides this, the Russians drink bear-oil, a commodity which is only used by the lower classes of civilized society as a tonic for the hair.

It is a well-known fact that our Chinese residents regard rats and dogs in the light of luxuries, and every Chinese dealer in *Delicatessen* has preserved animals of an alleged unclean nature on his counter for sale. We don't know whether rats and dogs introduce the dangerous *thyrophaga casei* into the body or assimilate the germs of fermentation with the intestines, but we know it to be the duty of the society that endeavors to stop Limburger cheese and sauerkraut to also have an eye on the dog and rat as table luxuries.

We have many other foreign nuisances, such, for instance, as the Englishman telling us how to manage our omnibuses and run our railroads properly, and the Italian with his organ and monkey. But let these things pass. This is a food article.

This society, which lives at Cambridge, ought to endeavor to enlarge the area of its jurisdiction. Then it would be useful. It might go right to work and cause all ostriches to refrain

from eating wire and old harness. It might have the goat compelled to forego the stove-pipe, because when a man eats goat under the impression that it is mutton, and the goat has been fattened on metal and sour evergreens, the result is often unpleasant in the extreme. It is unpleasant in the man, too.

And, again, it might have all politicians debarred from eating crow, a bird which is said to be very tough and unwholesome by all who have ever eaten it.

The society might still go further, and establish a branch in South America, for the purpose of destroying the pleasures which the natives of the warm latitudes enjoy in a banquet of fricaseed parrot and green monkey soup.

A branch might also be established at Honolulu, to prevent the cannibals from eating missionaries on the fly. Of course it is a great benefit to the country to be able to get rid of missionaries in this quiet and unostentatious manner, but the result is rough on the cannibals, and it is they who should be protected.

But, after all, perhaps it is better for the Cambridge society to confine itself to the suppression of cake and pie. What is cake and pie made of? No one can tell but the maker, and he takes good care never to have his name blown in the crust as an evidence of its genuineness. Pies may be made of decomposed animal and vegetable matter, or they may be perfectly pure—which we doubt. But, in any case, pie and cake exert a more baleful influence on society than Limburger cheese and sauerkraut do. And the Cambridge people ought to know and act on it.

R. K. M.

THANKSGIVING TRIALS.

When a man comes in at two o'clock in the morning, and throws his silk hat on the floor and his overcoat on the mantel-piece, and the rest of his clothes all around, and spills seven cents and a night-key on the carpet, and lies down on the writing-desk, and hauls an evening paper up under his chin, and tucks the ink under his feet, then, oh, then it is safe to wager that he has spent eight dollars trying to win a Thanksgiving turkey worth two dollars, and that he has participated in various celebrations of triumph with the winners.

WHO 'LL BUY A VOTE?

CANZONET.

*[As Sung by the Newly-Elected New Jersey
Legislator Man.]*

Dear vote of mine!—long-sought-for vote!

Much hast thou cost me—thou and I

Might just as well be parted!—NOTE:

Who 'll buy a vote? who 'll buy? who 'll buy?

Men tender thee their thanks—but no!

A needful vote is cheap at more:

'Tis not of those that wandering go,

Like mendicants, from door to door!

Here 's prompt delivery!—I know well

What it is worth—so come down sly!

I have a vote—a vote to sell:

Who 'll buy a vote? who 'll buy? who 'll buy?

Here is a Curule Chair to fill,

In august Senate U. S. A.

Ho! candidates for good or ill—

A vote 's for sale—to him who 'll pay!

If little 's offered, it were well,

Perchance to "bull the market," shy—

I have a vote—a vote to sell:

Who 'll buy a vote? who 'll buy? who 'll buy?

Here 's corporation schemes on hand,

With public aid to private ends,

Ranging from A to Amperzand!

A vote!—upon a vote depends

Success or failure: so, 'tis plain

That votes are things of value; I—

I have a vote—a vote to gain:

Who 'll buy a vote? who 'll buy? who 'll buy?

Election claims I must redress;

And *quid pro quo* is only square!

Come, lobby-man, say—more or less—

What is your figure?—pray, be fair!

Once more—but once—I cannot dwell

So long—I 'm anxious, willing, spry!

I have a vote—a vote—to sell:

Who 'll buy a vote? who 'll buy? who 'll buy?

FRANK W. POTTER.

Would you your weak and sickly brainwork trace?
Go search the paper mill or fireplace.

MEANS OF MATRIMONY.



IT USED TO BE COURTING, AND NOW IT'S THE COURT.

AN EXPERT.

INSANITY ILLUSTRATED AND THE LAWS OF
ABERRATION EXPOUNDED BY AN
AUTHORITY.

A Doctor's Evidence.

WARRANTED TO FIT ANY CASE.

Dr. O. I. Chin's Peculiar Patent Universally
Applicable Testimony.

SURE TO PROVE INSANITY.

Try it on Your Relatives.

All for 10 Cents.

Dr. O. I. Chin's testimony, given last week in the celebrated Scooper insanity case, has attracted so much attention that we give it in full from our own private court records. It will be observed that the illustrious expert's evidence is of such a nature that it will apply to any case where it is desired to deposit an objectionable member of a family in a quiet and secure lunatic asylum.

THE TESTIMONY.

COUNSEL FOR THE FAMILY.—Dr. Chin, what is your opinion of the mental condition of the defendant?

DR. CHIN.—I think he is insane. If he is not insane he may have been insane, or if he may not have been insane, he may be about to be insane, or he may have been about to have been insane, or he might have been about to have been about to be insane.

Q.—Do you think him a proper subject for restraint?

A.—I think he is a dangerous lunatic, and ought to be locked up.

THE CROSS-EXAMINATION.

COUNSEL FOR THE ALLEGED LUNATIC.—Dr. Chin, have you examined the defendant?

DR. CHIN.—Well, I have seen him once or twice, maybe three times.

Q.—Where did you see him?

A.—Twice on the street, and once through a telescope.

Q.—From these examinations what did you conclude was the matter with the defendant?

A.—General paresis.

Q.—What kind of paresis?

A.—Oh, no particular kind. Any kind. General paresis.

Q.—Where was the paresis located?

A.—All over him. He had paresis 'most everywhere. It had got into his clothing.

Q.—Doctor, do you think that you and Science, between you, could distinguish a case of general paresis from a case of simple drunk?

A.—It would be difficult. Science and I should not be crowded too closely.

Q.—Has the defendant ever done anything which a sane man might not do?

A.—Nothing whatever. That only increases the probability that he may do something insane hereafter.

Q.—Can he attend to his business?

A.—Certainly he can. But at any moment he is likely to go for a customer with a hatchet.

Q.—How do you know that?

A.—Well, it is a safe thing to predict of any man. A customer might come in and cheat him, or call him names, or throw pepper in his eyes, and then, if there happened to be a hatchet lying around loose, he might use it.

Q.—Has he a wandering eye, or a defective articulation, or a shambling gait, or any other symptom of insanity?

A.—None whatever. That shows the cunning of the lunatic.

Q.—Do you regard as an insane delusion his purchase of certain property at \$50,000?

LOST HIS MASTER.



ALONE IN AN UNSYMPATHIZING WORLD.

A.—Of course I do.

Q.—But what do you think of his selling it again at \$75,000?

A.—Another insane delusion.

Q.—Doctor, if every man who conducts himself in a perfectly sane manner is a dangerous lunatic, is there any one who is thoroughly sane?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Who?

A.—Myself.

FREE LUNCH.

THERE is another railroad war now being waged. The time will soon arrive when the proper thing to do will be to give a begging tramp five cents, on condition that he buys with the money a ticket for Chicago and goes there.

IT WAS but a simple pin

On a chair,

And the little boy did grin

Like a bear

When the teacher took a seat

And in manner very fleet

Flew a half a hundred feet

In the air.

This the teacher doth annoy,

And he chants,

And no pardon to the boy

Quick he grants.

But he grabs the indiscreet

Little boy and him doth beat

Till he rather spoils the seat

Of his "pants."

MISS EMMA ROGERS, an estimable young lady living near Washington, Pa., has been cured of a spinal affection of two years' standing by Faith. The medical faculty are very indignant at this invasion of their rights, and say that Faith is not "a regular."

REJECTED ARTICLES, like Cæsar's clay,
PUCK stuffs in holes to keep the rats away.
So this same rubbish some good purpose fills,
For rats that nibble it most surely kills.

A BACHELOR'S THANKS.

TO MY WASHERWOMAN—that she has left me one of my own collars and has allowed me to have two handkerchiefs out of two dozen.

TO MY BARBER—that he has not gashed my cheek, and has eaten onions but twice a week.

TO THE EMPLOYEES OF THE "L" ROADS—that none of them have thrown me down into the street.

TO THE POLICEMAN WHO PATROLS OUR STREET—that he has never arrested or clubbed me for sitting, occasionally, on the stoop of my house.

TO THE VOTERS OF MY DISTRICT—that they never nominated me for alderman or for Congress.

TO MY BOOTBLACK—that he has only blacked my shoes and not my socks.

TO MY LANDLADY—that she has given us hash but once a week, a clean table-cloth once a month, and has not used my brush and comb, so far as I know.

TO THE CHAMBERMAID—that she has used for lighting my fire Fall and Winter poems, and that she has left only occasionally the coal scuttle outside of my bed-room.

TO THE FISH-PEDDLER—that he fell ill for four weeks and allowed me to have my full amount of sleep on four Fridays.

TO ALL THE YOUNG LADIES WITH WHOM I HAVE FLIRTED DURING THE YEAR—that none of them has sued me for breach of promise.

TO DAME FORTUNE—that she hasn't made me a millionaire, so that none of my relations could put me into a lunatic asylum.

TO THE AUTHORS OF "ROMANY RYE"—that they have written the play and saved me the trouble—and the disgrace.

TO MY BEST GIRL—that she has gone on a visit out West for the Winter, and will save me from buying theatre tickets and treating her to Delmonico suppers.

TO THE SHERIFF—that he has seized the piano of my next door neighbor.

TO MY CREDITORS—for their everlasting confidence and patience.

AND LAST—to all those who unknowingly or unwillingly have been of service to me during the past year.

THE AMERICAN GUILLOTINE.



WHERE ARE WE GOING? GOING TO THE CANNIBAL ISLES, WHERE THEY DON'T HAVE ANY HOLIDAY CHOPPING-BLOCKS FOR POOR DUMB ANIMALS.

ON A DEAD LETTER.

[SURVIVING PARTNER *log*]

"A person of that name here? No."
"But leave it. It may save you running."

A person was a week ago,
But *billets* neither *doux* nor dunning.

Naught of the varied sort that fills
The weary carrier's canvas quiver,
To him past mortal goods and ills
Can mortal postman now deliver.

Then let it lie. Perhaps 't will teach
Me wisdom deep, if melancholy,
And from the dead man's desk there preach
A sermon on the dead man's folly.

Ashes of rose the cover—pink
The monogram—the fold 's indented
About the edge with gilt—the ink
Is lilac, and all 's highly scented.

A slanting, superscriptive scrawl—
The capitals all seem to carry
A glass too much, and—crown of all—
The thing 's addressed to "Mr. Harry."

Mild censor! I! A trick of lace
Will veil from me Sin's subtlest scheming,
But with Death's finger in the case
It 's different—at least in seeming.

And of the thing I dare not speak,
Scarce think, lest she should know its story
Who holds this saint for now a week
First in her sad soul's oratory.

What proves it though, since him I knew
Brave, patient, generous, wisely tender?
Pure gold must wed one part untrue
Ere current coin the mint shall render.

Ah, well, what you for me, old friend,
Would do, were your friends one the fewer,
I'll do—see whose name 's at the end,
And with my news return it to her.

Two twenty—West—eh, Death and night!
The name!—a vertigo 's approaching—
Louise—and who taught *her* to write?

And he—transported was for poaching.
A. E. WATROUS.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCLII.
THE STOCK MARKET.



Ya-as, just as I was smoking a cigarwette aftah luncheon the othah day, a fellow who is verwy much interwested in Wall Stweet stwollid in and deposited himself on a lounge in a condition of gweat dejection.

"What is the mattah?" I inquired: "you are not wuined, are you?"

"Oh, no!" he weplied: "but I am somewhat depwessed because everwything in the market is wushing down hill, and I weally don't know where it is going to stop."

"But," I lwoked in: "you fellows who amuse yourselves on the Stock Exchange ought to be used to the little peculiarwities of the aw business, and not let anything surpwise you."

"I do not as a wule, but the pwesent state of things is so utterly unexpected that it has almost taken my bweth away. Of course you know the weason. Haven't you heard the fellows weferwring to it at the club?"

"I wwarely listen to the conversation that takes place there," I said: "but you may pwceed with your narwative if you feel so diswposed."

"Well," my New York spwuce fwriend went on to say: "the worst has not yet arwived. I am convinced that verwy many stocks are going a gweat deal lowah. It is no longah safe to buy anything faw a wise. If one wesolves to speculate it is bettah to be a be-ah, and not a taurwine quadwuped. The weason faw this gweat fall is the excessive waterwing in which the pwominent wailwoad and telegwaph men have been indulging."

"Aw!" I exclaimed: "you don't mean to say that these fellows carwy a waterwing-pot, and spwinkle the scwip so that it gets damp and has to be dwied befaw the fi-ah?"

My American fwriend laughed immoderately and said:

"No. The waterwing that I mean is a widiculous inflation of the value of the orwiginal stock. But, as I said befaw, everwything on the list will be at a lowah pwice, and severaw will pwobably be wiped out altogethah, when a healthi-ah tone will pwewail."

"I'm glad that nobody could evah induce me to personally worwy about Stock Exchange speculations."

"Ya-as, Mr. Fitznoodle, you ought to be verwy glad, and doubly so that among your pwoperty you have no Louisville and Nashville, or Weading, or Denver and Wio Gwande, or Jersey Centwal, or Wabash, or that terwibly waterwed stock, Western Union, and a dozen othahs which are not worth while particularwizing. Why, Western Union Telegwaph could be weplaced, wires and everwything else, faw considerably less than one-fourth of the amount of its pwetended capital stock. It will take a long time to cle-ah the atmosphere of all these unwholesome elements, but there will be a clearwance, you may depend on it."

"I suppose so," I said, aw.

THE TURKEY's wings, which flapped in freedom one little week ago, are now used to brush the ashes into the dust-pan with.

It is during these days of business that a clergyman, on selecting a chapter of the Bible to read in church, first looks at the end of the last verse to make sure that no patent medicine advertisement is hitched on.

YE POETIC TAILOR.

Poeta nascitur non fit. That is about the size of it, we think. Even the ninth part of a poet (*i. e.* a tailor man) is not exempt from the divine afflatus. In the advertising columns of the daily press we read:

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever—
So 's a new overcoat."

Could anything be neater? And may we not hope to find in future issues something like the following:

There 's a divinity that doth shape our ends—
Likewise a tailor.

Or this:

My mind to me a kingdom is—
So is my tailor.

Or this:

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy
From any Bowery tailor.

Or this, for a *finale*:

'Tis often said that, do the most they can,
Nine tailors are required to make a man;
But look on yon young swell in new Fall suit,
Made, as it were, the maxim to dispute;
It proves one tailor may his art employ
Whole hosts of men in tight "pants" to destroy!

Go in, O tailor! and cook your goose, wherever you may find him!

A GOOD REASON WHY.



MESRS. BLAINE, LOGAN, CONKLING, PLATT, CAMERON, SHERMAN AND GRANT:
"WE DON'T WANT THE PRESIDENCY IN 1884! G'WAY!"

PUCK AT THE PLAY-HOUSE.



The sensation of the hour is, or ought to be, Gilbert & Sullivan's new comic opera "Iolanthe; Or, The Peer and the Peri," at HENDERSON'S STANDARD THEATRE. We shall enlarge on its features in due course. Brooklyn is being made hilarious with happiness in consequence of the performance of G. W. Godfrey's "The Queen's Shilling," at HAVERLY'S THEATRE, by the full strength of Wallack's Company. WALLACK'S naturally suggests Mrs. Langtry, where the British beauty is pursuing her successful amateurish career along. This week she is trying her hand at *Juliana* in "The Honeymoon." It is said that a silken receptacle for lucre cannot be manufactured out of the auricular appendage of the weaker sex of the porcine family. This explains the difficulties under which the lovely Mrs. Langtry has to labor.

The Vokes performances, at NIBLO'S GARDEN, are somewhat less gloomy than heretofore, but they still lack much of the electric light of liveliness and real fun. All their entertainments want remodeling and rewriting. "Belles of the Kitchen" was announced for Monday last, and "Too Too Truly Rural" is in preparation. Mr. John Stetson, having got rid of "The Romany Rye," is now the temporary guardian of "The Lights o' London," at BOOTH'S THEATRE, where it is trotting along with all its elaborate scenery, properties and paraphernalia. Donaldson's London Theatre Combination, at THE ALCAZAR, has been succeeded by Atkinson's "Jollities." The establishment needs a powerful amount of shaking-up to make it a popular resort, and a good manager should be able to do the agitating. The last weeks of the AMERICAN INSTITUTE FAIR are in process of liquidation. But while a vestige of them is left, it is as well not to forget that the wonderful machinery, steam and gas engines, rock-breakers, the Cornetist Arbuckle, and the Ninth Regiment band are very much there.

As everybody knows how Mr. John McCullough tackles the part of *Spartacus*, in Bird's tragedy of "The Gladiator," it would be as well for everybody to go and see him do it again at the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, and the opportunity is afforded them this week. Mr. Abbey was to have trotted out, last night, his brilliant star, Christine Nilsson, in a concert at STEINWAY HALL, with Del Puente, the baritone, the Mendelssohn Quintet Club, and Miss Hope Glenn, the contralto. We shall formulate the pleasure we experienced when next we pay our weekly visit. Kate Claxton, in "The Two Orphans," with a company of phenomena, at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Philadelphia, this week. The phenomena comprise Mrs. Wilkins, as *Frochard*, Miss Kate Meek, as the *Countess*, Edward Arnott, as *Jacques*, and Charles A. Stevenson, as the *Chevalier*.

We hope we shall not be looked upon as too anterior in announcing that Mr. Joseph Jefferson is still playing "Rip Van Winkle," at the GRAND OPERA HOUSE. "The Squire," at DALY'S THEATRE, has, we regret to say, been withdrawn. It is one of the best and most entertaining plays ever produced in a New York theatre, and ought to have run for at least a year to crowded houses. The New York theatre-going public is sometimes a fool, and it has shown its foolishness in this instance in not properly appreciating what is good, and crowding to see vulgar rubbish. The comedy of "Our English Friend," by the authors of "The Passing Regiment" has succeeded "The Squire"—but "The Sorcerer," at the BIJOU OPERA HOUSE, isn't being succeeded by anything. Because why? Because it is drawing such thronged houses that there is no necessity for any change. "Young Mrs. Winthrop," at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE, has, in accordance with the traditions of this house, set in for a perpetual run. "The Black Crook," like Susan B. Anthony, never dies—at least there doesn't seem much dissolution about it at HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE, where the Kiralfy Brothers are having it all their own way.

We are now supremely happy, because the last nights of "Mordecai Lyons," at the THEATRE COMIQUE, are announced. It is to be followed by "McSorley's Inflation," a work very much in the style of Mr. Harrigan's

earlier triumphs. Mr. Harrigan is unapproachable when he sticks to the line that Nature marked out for him. Mrs. Longtree Birch is showing off her form and figure to admiring thousands at the opera house of BIRCH, HAMILTON & BACKUS'S SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS. "As You Like It," plain and no water, is quite, if not more, funnily instructive than any of Mrs. Langtry's performances. The fair Mlle. Blanche Roosevelt won the hearts of her audience by her agreeable singing and artistic style at her concert, at CHICKERING HALL, on Saturday evening of last week. The first act of "la Traviata" was given in its entirety, Signor Clodio wrestling with the rôle of *Alfredo*.

A JOKE
THAT BROKE HER HEART.

"I'm now the richest man in town,"
Said Peter to his pretty wife.
She beamed and chirrup'd: "Then 'come down,'
And crowd with joy your Pootsey's life.

"Judicious spending, by the Rich,
Displays a cultivated sense;
It is a quality in which
Your Pootsey Tootsey's just immense.

"We'll buy at once a span of grays,
A rosewood seven-octave grand—
Of course I know that no one plays
At home, but that's no matter—and

"We'll hurry, ere the season's past,
And buy a Robe de—what's its name?—
Too bad! I lose my French so fast!
But yet we'll have it all the same.

"So much that I—that is, We lack
Before we make the foreign tour!
Our diamonds, then the sealskin sacque—
I never knew we were so poor.

"Then, bonnets, stockings, gloves and boots,
How shocking were we to forget:
And feathers, fans and traveling suits
On which my tender heart is set."

Yelled Peter as he'd seen a ghost!
"Hold! Learn the wealth I had in view—
The riches I so fondly boast
Are solely in possessing You!"

A compliment o'er which she wept,
Appropriating it, of course;
But woman's mind will not accept
Horse chestnuts for a chestnut horse.

Vain his repentance and remorse;
No smile from her he ever wins.
She but delays that full divorce
From inconvenience of twins. JOHN ALBRO.

Answers for the Anxious.

On articles refused their writer's stuck;
They—and the stamps—are not returned by PUCK.

HASELTINE.—Are you beginning to save up for your Christmas present to her?

PERRY B.—Take your grief somewhere else. Don't work it up into puns and unload it on us.

J. J. ZAUNER.—The representative of your district in the state legislature. You won't have to bribe him, either.

FEENEY.—We regret to say that we cannot use your poem beginning:

"The Reverend Joseph Cook
For a Buddhist was mistook."

We don't mind your freedom from grammatical trammels; but we can't stand your irreverence toward Mr. Cook.

LITERARY NOTES.

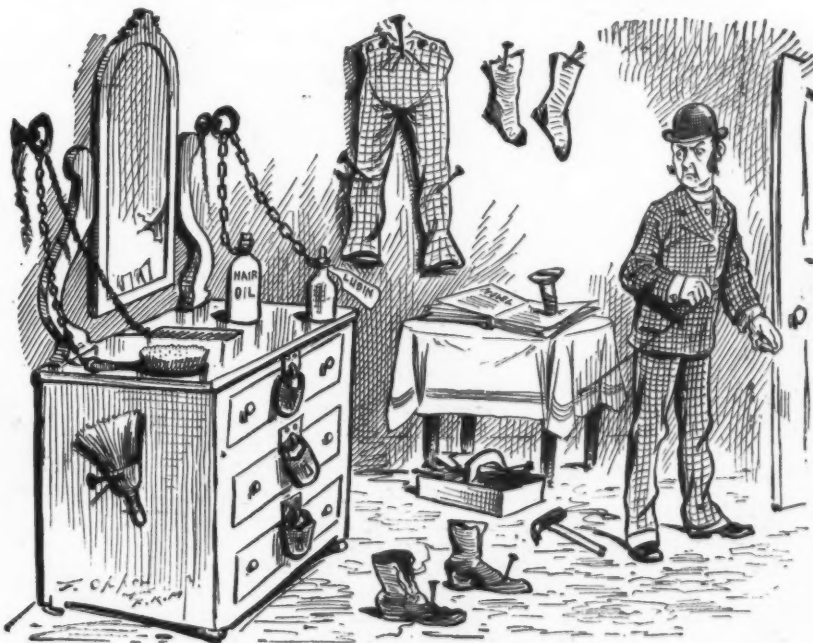
Messrs. Sweet & Knox, the *Texas Siftings* men, have given the world the full benefit of their Southwestern wit by publishing a collection of some "Texas Siftings." The cuts are by W. H. Caskie, and the book, which is bound in olive-green and emblazoned in gold, may be had everywhere, especially at 150 Nassau Street. It ought certainly help to pile up fame and fortune for Messrs. Sweet & Knox.

"Harper's Christmas" is eminently well calculated to make the London *Graphic* and the *Illustrated News* feel weary and dissatisfied with life. It has pictures which are thoroughly well drawn and equally well engraved, and the writing is really literature, and not padding. Mr. F. Dielman is the star among the artists, and Mr. E. C. Stedman the chief of the "lits." Other clever contributors are Aldrich, Reinhart, Abbey, Mrs. Fanny Foster Clark, Howells, Boughton, Gifford, Vedder and Mark Twain.

Another of Colonel Thomas W. Knox's books for boys, entitled "The Boy Travelers in the Far East," has just been published by Harper & Brothers. The story of the boys' journey is related in a manner at once attractive and instructive, not only for the youthful mind, but for grown-up people. Maps of the country are printed on the inside of the covers. The book is handsomely bound, and is rich in admirable illustrations relating to the manners, customs and history of the inhabitants. A boy will know more about the East by reading Colonel Knox's work than he would ever be likely to do by ordinary study of the best standard books on the subject.

Mr. Elliot Mason's Columbia Bicycle School is as popular as ever, and the floor is at all times strewn with aristocratic learners. An exhibition of fancy riding was recently given, and attracted many people, who were dazed and pleased.

SELF-PROTECTION AT OUR BOARDING-HOUSE.



DESPERATE BOARDER:—"THERE! I GUESS I CAN GO OUT FOR HALF AN HOUR AND FIND EVERYTHING HERE WHEN I COME BACK!"



OFFICE OF "PUCK" 25 WARREN ST. NEW YORK.

IN SIGHT OF THE F



OF THE PROMISED LAND.

AT THE PUBLISHER'S.

The other morning, while a well-known publisher was sitting in his private office deeply interested in the columns of a morning paper, a young man entered with quite a huge roll of manuscript in his hand. He took off his hat as he entered, and, having introduced himself and accepted a proffered chair, commenced:

"I just dropped in to see you in regard to—"

"I have all the books I can possibly carry this year," said the publisher, with a bland smile, before the young man could undo the package.

"You do not publish light books, do you?" inquired the visitor: "books that may be understood by the million?"

"I never publish poems, unless at the author's expense," replied the publisher: "I suppose that bundle is a lot of manuscript poems written by a young lady of sixteen, named, probably, Violet Myrtle Mather, who is in all likelihood the daughter of an ex-Governor of New Hampshire. I suppose her book is called 'Rose Leaves and Honeysuckle,' and she would like it brought out in bronze and gold, richly illustrated. I am not printing poetry."

"This is not poetry, sir."

"I suppose not, I suppose not, because it is a collection of short stories—a kind of literature for which there is no demand whatever, unless it is the work of such a man as Poe. I never give short stories any consideration whatever, but return them to the author without an examination. I cannot look at your short stories, sir."

"They are not short stories," piped the author, meekly.

"Then it may be a novel, in which case I cannot offer you a word of hope or encouragement. If I publish an American novel, I have to pay the author for the manuscript, whereas I can steal a more meritorious English novel, and have all the profit for myself. I generally pay five cents a page for translations from the French. Now, if you have a good sensational translation with you I'll look at it."

"This is not a novel."

"Then it may be a book of essays. If it is, you will find the door on the left. Essays are the most unsalable of all kinds of literature, except poetry. Emerson sells, but you are not Emerson. At any rate, I haven't time to cast my eye on your essays."

"But they are not essays."

"They are not?"
 "No, sir; they are not!"
 "Have you a comic primer there?"
 "I have not, sir."
 "Is that manuscript a book of travels?"
 "It is not; there is not a town, county, river, bay or cape mentioned in it."
 "Is it a comic almanac?"
 "No, sir."
 "A book of puzzles and charades?"
 "No, sir; it is not."
 "Is it a volume of nursery rhymes, to be brought out with colored pictures?"
 "No sir; you haven't guessed it. But from your inquiries I imagine you never publish anything light and entertaining."
 "You are right," replied the publisher.
 "This is not a light book."
 "What kind is it?"
 "It is ponderous and heavy. Probably only twenty people in the world will be interested in it."

"What is it?" inquired the publisher, his eyes glistening.

"It is a scientific inquiry entitled: 'Did Mediæval Fungi Really Have Back Teeth?'"

The publisher grasped the young scientist in his arms, accepted his book without looking at it, and took him out to dinner, and presented him with a handsome check in payment for the work, which, he assured the young man, would give him a high and enduring place in the literature of his country.

So you want to know the quickest way to put on a pair of wristlets, do you? Well, methods differ: some men put them on over their heads, while others climb into them feet first. If these are not the quickest ways of donning wristlets, try a button-hook. PUCK'S ANNUAL is also in preparation.

SOCIETY NOTES.—*Dear Florence:* Will you go with me to see Mrs. Langtry to-morrow evening?

BILLY.

Dear Billy: I shall be happy to go with you to see Mrs. Langtry to-morrow night.

FLORENCE.

THE NAME of the Deity in forty languages is going the rounds of the papers. It is especially compiled for the benefit of canal boatmen and longshoremen. "By Zannar," which is Madagascar, or "By Jumala," which is Finnish, has a more refined sound than the usual oath.

JOHNSON'S DOG.

It has been said by some philosopher that nothing which aims at being simply humorous is entitled to consideration. That a comic performance should have a purpose—should point a moral and teach a wholesome lesson, or be in some way instructive. This view is held by many well-meaning people, who, having laughed heartily over something artistically ludicrous, do not hesitate to pronounce it flippant and unworthy of attention. It is becoming so popular to sit and listen to lectures on Chemistry and Trade Winds delivered by tottering old professional men, that people think it unholy to be amused unless the entertainment is bristling with dry, solemn facts that they entirely forget before leaving the lecture hall. Some humorous lecturers ladle out religion just as some clergymen spice their sermons with what they themselves are pleased to regard as humor. And it is not unreasonable to believe before long it will be quite as impossible for a clergyman to announce a hymn without a comic variation, as it will be for a circus clown to perpetrate an ancient jest without adding a verse from the Bible.

Minstrel end-men, if they would draw large houses, and accumulate wealth, and spend the Summer time sailing around in steam yachts, and riding in pony phaetons at watering-places, will find it necessary to dispense less fun, and occasionally tell the public about the persecution of the Jews in Russia, the Buddhist religion, how to ventilate ice-houses, and the most feasible method of formulating an apple dumpling which will not cause the eater to dream he sees his deceased grandmother teaching a stuffed cat to jump through hoops.

Out of regard for the views of the philosopher quoted at the opening of this literary gem, we have decided to write an article full of instruction. The article may not be funny, but it contains moresolid instruction than a patent-medicine almanac. We give the figures, and figures do not lie, unless the clothes are padded. Columbus discovered America in 1492.

Johnson's dog was a bull-terrier—the terrier of the neighborhood. Please don't applaud with the feet. He was brindled like a tiger, and when he opened his mouth the observer fancied he was making an optical investigation of a red-lined valise. He was short and thick-set, and covered with great lumps of muscle. And perhaps he was not bow-legged! Why, when he stood up he looked like a couple of croquet wickets, and when other dogs passed Johnson's they used to cross the street and go through the tall grass. They would never go on his side of the way unless the gate was fastened and he couldn't get out. Then they would exchange barks with him through the pickets and hugely enjoy his manifestations of impotent fury. One day, when the gate was closed, a yellow dog came along and determined to have some fun at the expense of Johnson's quadruped. The latter was on hand, and flew at the pickets as though he intended to go through. Every time he opened his mouth he displayed so much of his interior that the aggressive dog, who was simply simulating a spirit of war, became frightened and ill at ease.

We will now have something sad and instructive:

A large number of the importers and jobbers in China and Japan teas in New York, whose trade has been considerably injured by the auction sales of large shipments of teas, have signed an agreement not to attend or countenance tea sales at auction in the future. The auction trade has resulted in the depression of prices until they are now lower than ever before. The crop in China and Japan is short this year by 5,000,000 pounds, and the importers are assured that prices will soon go up.

As Johnson's dog ran up and down on the inside of the fence he grew madder and madder. He barked so hard that he bit his tongue, and

HOW IT REALLY LOOKED.



THE LATE DEMOCRATIC TIDAL WAVE.

his teeth stuck way out as though feeling for his opponent. He had about eight octaves of teeth, and they were all sharps. The fighting dog is like a piano, inasmuch as the latter is an earless as well as a tailless quadruped—*Vide* "Goldsmith's History of Animated Nature." But finally Johnson's dog saw a small hole under the fence, and he felt as happy as the little boy on Friday afternoon, when he gaily throws his schoolbooks under the sofa and goes forth to meet his companions and make preparations for a base-ball match on the morrow. Oh, he was a beatified dog. His eyes glowed with pleasure, while a thrill of transfiguration passed over his frame and filled his whole being with ineffable ecstasy. He was thinking of the happy days of his puphood, when he was wrapped tenderly up in an old vest and put to sleep in the wood-box, and treated about ten times a day to milk and warm water, and meat chopped up fine. He felt so happy that he didn't care if he took the board off with his back or his back off with the board as he went under; so he got a pretty good purchase on the ground with his hind legs, and kind o' closed himself like an opera hat. Then he suddenly let himself out, and shot under the fence with a ripping sound.

Now we will have a little instruction:

The new African expedition of the London Geographical Society will soon leave England for Zanzibar, under the leadership of Mr. Joseph Thompson, who will spend some months at Zanzibar perfecting the needful arrangements. The final start will probably be taken in April or May next. The exploration is chiefly directed to the east and northeast of Lake Victoria Nyanza, the particular field and much of the route it is intended to traverse comprising unknown districts.

When Johnson's dog appeared before the curtain the other animal looked very careworn and weary. At first he thought of running, but before he could do so this Johnson's dog had secured a good hold on the back of his neck and was shaking the dust out of him as though he was a piece of carpet.

The strange dog broke into considerable wild applause, and felt as though he was flying around in the paddle-box of a ferry-boat, and made up his mind that, if he got away alive, he would reform and stay at home, and live a life of model respectability in the cellar or under the barn. Johnson's dog didn't drop him until he felt his teeth getting loose, and then he went over on the lawn and was taken deathly sick. Everybody thought he was sea-sick. But he wasn't. His indisposition was due to the fact that he had been chewing a dog that had just been saturated with kerosene for his fleas.

Now we come on with our serious business:

The Japanese believe that the first man was not Adam, but Hu-Sing, who made his wife of clay and baked her forty days.

It is said that General Booth, of the Salvation Army, has issued an order for several thousand pairs of leggings, which will in future form part of the Army uniform, and will be called "Salvation leggings."

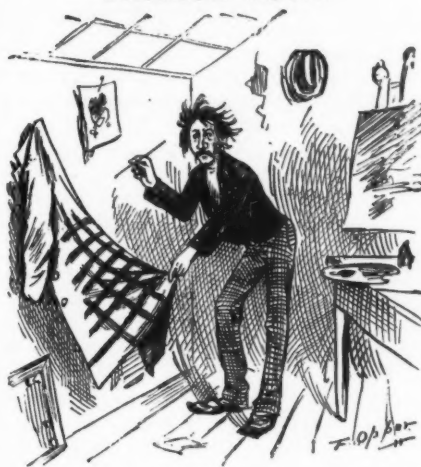
Johnson's dog was sometimes unfortunate. He was called Trout, because he would lie and grab at flies all day. One day a small boy, who had noticed the dog's predisposition to grabbing at flies, secured an angler's fly and held it over the fence on a line. In an instant Trout grabbed it, and, when he felt the hook in the roof of his mouth, he regarded the boy with unkindly reflections. The boy simply hauled the line in to get Trout down to the pickets, and, when the animal arrived at them, and was displaying his entire gamut of ivories, the small boy drew off with a club and knocked an knoctave (Police!) out of him.

And now the statistician will statisticate:

In Prussia there are 17,645,362 Protestants, 9,203,136 Catholics, 363,790 Jews, 42,528 Dissenters, and 22,206 persons professing no religion.

Johnson's was a dog of considerable experience, too, and, what is more, he was a dog that was dear to the Johnson family, because of his exceeding fidelity. He had watched the house,

FASHION NOTE.



"Plaid overcoats will be much worn by artists this season."

he had almost destroyed several cows that had trespassed on the property, and he had torn the coat-tails off ineligible Romeos, and performed other kindly offices which entitled him to a place in the bosom of the family. They treated him well, too. They never put a muzzle on him in the Summer. Once a pound-master tried to take him, because he wore no muzzle, but the pound-master did not secure him, because he took hold of the wrong end. He told a friend a few days later that he thought he had been grabbed by a shark or a Long Branch hackman. Trout was never put out on cold nights, and he was allowed to eat at the table. The small Johnson used to think it fine fun to throw pieces of meat at Trout for the purpose of seeing him catch them. Sometimes the boy would fool him by pretending to throw the meat without letting go of it. The dog would open his mouth just the same, and his teeth would fly together and sound as though he was cracking nuts with them, while great tears of disappointment would flow from his tender, soft brown eyes. First the boy would throw the meat on the hyperbolic and then on the parabolic curve, and, while the dog waxed corpulent, the boy made quite a respectable inroad into the mysteries of trigonometry.

One day the boy put a percussion cap on each of the dog's eye teeth, and then pretended to throw him a piece of meat, after spitting on it to excite the poor animal to a proper state of enthusiasm. When the animal's jaws came swiftly together, like a pair of cymbals, the caps went off simultaneously. So did the dog—he went off down to the barn, and got so far under to nurse his sorrow and collect his thoughts, that it was impossible to see anything in the darkness but his bright green eyes. He wouldn't come out for his food. Even another dog, whom he knew he could kill inside of two minutes, failed to induce him to leave his position of isolation and safety. And his food had to be delivered to him on the end of a bean pole—all of which reminds us that it is now the proper time to introduce something in the way of solid information. A learned agriculturist says:

Most onions begin to grow very soon on the approach of mild weather in Spring. Several years ago I selected, in Spring, those White Globe onions which kept the longest without sprouting, and planted them for seed. This process was repeated for some years. The onions were much improved in their "keeping quality"; but the seeds were often of poor quality or of low vitality. I have lost all the seeds I had, but a few are still raised by a friend. In 1881 I began the same kind of experiment with Yellow Danvers. From a lot of thirty bushels those only which kept longest were used for seed.

It was a long time before Johnson's dog emerged from his retirement, and again appeared in public life, and when he did he dis-

played a certain amount of shyness and a fractured spirit that satisfied the boy he had lost confidence in him, and would no more condescend to go to the woods with him, and become aggressive, at his request, on the appearance of another dog. He came from under the barn as timidly as the young lady who enters a drawing-room, in which a reception is being held, for the first time. Johnson's dog approached the house circuitously, and was very watchful, as though he thought about fifty little Johnsons were lying behind the house to receive him with rude missiles, or affix the fruiterer's antique to his tail, or rather its unlvely remnant, for it was most conspicuous for its extreme poverty.

And when the boy saw him and said "Hello, Trout!" did Trout come up and jump on him, and try to lick his eyes? Yea, verily, he did not. He turned and fled for the barn, and when he got under it he heard Johnson senior say something ugly to young Johnson about ill-treating the dog. And, when the old man played a solo on the boy with a picket, the dog stuck his head from under the barn and declared the boy's yells constituted the most charming sonata it had ever been his privilege to listen to.

Being satisfied that the war was practically over, the dog went out and was instantly conciliated by his master, who likewise indemnified him in a most generous manner. Then he took him for a walk. When they got to the village, Johnson's dog saw a stuffed bull-dog in a shop window. He hadn't had a fight for two weeks. In another instant Johnson's dog dove through the window and had the ex-champion by the neck. It was impossible to separate them. Johnson's dog secured his familiar throat-hold, and belabored the ground with the stuffed beast, who shed glass eyes and celluloid toe-nails in a most profligate manner. Johnson's dog gained a signal victory, but, before he could bark triumphant pæans, he began to feel very ill, and that afternoon he expired in great agony and was laid to rest beneath the daisies. He had swallowed a lot of poison used by the taxidermist in taxiderming the dog, which had not been taxidermed more than ten minutes when Johnson's dog attacked him.

There is nothing like instruction in humor. When a man writes an ostrich story, it should not be so much to make us laugh at the ostrich's peculiar faculty of thriving on iron and broken bottles, as to tell us how to destroy ring-worms in cattle, or to raise fenugreek in a swamp.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

It is a memorable day when a man suffering with Tet-ter buys a box of the Swayne's Ointment and is cured.

CASTORIA.

Life is restless and days are fleeting,
Children bloom, but they die in teaching;
Example take from Queen Victoria,
Children nine all took CASTORIA.
No sleepless nights from babies crying,
Like larks they rise in early morning.

The cost of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is only 25c. A bottle will convince even the most incredulous of its excellence.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper.

W. A. NOYES,

No. 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

ROSS'S ROYAL BELFAST GINGER ALE.
Sole Manufactory: Belfast, Ireland.

THALIA THEATRE.

Nos. 46 & 48 Bowery. Nos. 46 & 48 Bowery.
EVERY EVENING.
KNAACK AND TEWELE.

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Brown's Ginger

THE GENUINE

Frederick Brown,

Philadelphia.

— ESTABLISHED 1822 —

IS NOT A SPECIFIC, BUT

It will comfort when

COLD.

It will aid where re-

action is feared.

It will STIMULATE

WITHOUT doing

HARM.

And when taken according

to the directions given,

WILL DO GOOD IN

ALL SEASONS.

State plainly

Frederick Brown

Philadelphia.

Established 1838.

PACHTMANN & MOELICH,

Importers, Manufacturers and Dealers in

Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry,

Solid Silver & Plated Wares,

383 CANAL STREET,

Bet. S. 5th Ave. & Wooster St., New York.

Bargains in every department.

Nickel Stem Winders, \$6. Solid Silver Ameri-

can Watches, \$10.—Stem Winders, \$14. Solid

Gold Stem Winders, \$25. Diamond Studs, \$10

and upwards. Wedding Rings, \$5 and upwards.

The largest assortment of Jewelry at lowest prices.

Repairing of every description neatly executed.

Goods sent C. O. D. to any part of the

U. S. New Illustrated Price List.

NICOLL The Tailor,

ALL NOVELTIES IN FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC WOOLENS.

FOR OVERCOATINGS, SUITINGS, TROUSERINGS, NOW READY.

620 BROADWAY,

And Nos. 139 to 151 Bowery, New York.

Samples, with instructions for SELF-MEASUREMENT, with Fashion Book, sent free by mail everywhere. Branch stores in all principal cities.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

A SIBERIAN bloodhound belonging to a theatrical show at Newark, N. J., slipped his collar a day or two ago and attacked the trick donkey, also attached to the company. What was left of him wished it had tackled the other end of the mule.—*Boston Post.*

THE popular game in Indiana this Fall is betting on the weight of a stranger. The said stranger has a lead jacket under his coat, and his pal rakes in a heap of half-dollars.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A NEW YORK hotel keeper has over \$10,000 invested in horseflesh, and some people are wishing he would sell one of his horses and buy a few towels for upper bed-rooms.—*Philadelphia News.*

WHEN a rich Chinaman wants a wife he buys one. Rich men in China appear to have just as many privileges as rich widowers in America.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald.*

DESPITE the assertions of the New York critics, that Mrs. Langtry is not an actress, a man has named a canal boat after her.—*Norristown Herald.*

IT was the contractor who lost money on the job, that builded better than he knew.—*Boston Transcript.*

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

To insure prompt attention, Advertisers will please hand in their copy for new announcements or alterations at least one week ahead of the issue in which they are to appear. PUBLISHERS PUCK.

R. H. MACY & CO.,

14th ST., SIXTH AVE., and 13th ST.,
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GRAND CENTRAL FANCY AND DRY GOODS
ESTABLISHMENT.

We are displaying this season the
largest and most elegant stock of

Holiday Goods

ever offered by us.

Our buyers have been abroad the entire year, and great care has been exercised by them in selecting the choicest articles, both useful and ornamental, to be found in the manufacturing centres of Europe.

Purchasing entirely from manufacturers, and paying cash, we are enabled to sell at most reasonable prices, and our patrons can not only rely upon getting goods of the finest quality, but at a positive saving to themselves.

In ordering

Christmas

Gifts, we would urge upon our patrons the importance of placing their orders early, for as the Holiday Season approaches, and Express Companies are crowded with business, delays will occur that we are powerless to prevent.

R. H. MACY & CO.

Largest Retail Clothing House in America.

FALL AND WINTER STYLES, 1882-3,
FOR MEN, YOUTHS, BOYS AND CHILDREN.
FASHION CATALOGUES AND MEASUREMENT
BLANKS MAILED FREE.

Custom Tailoring by Leading Artists Under A. C. BELL.

BRONNER & CO.,
610, 612, 614, 616, 618 Broadway,
THROUGH TO CROSBY ST., NEW YORK.



ANGOSTURA
BITTERS.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.
An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, but beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SLEGERT & SONS.

J. W. WUPPERMANN,
(SUCCESSOR TO J. W. HANCOX.)

Sole Agent for the United States.

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Union Undergarments
Vest and Drawers in one. Made in all weights of Merino and Cashmere, Chemiselettes, Princess Skirts, Emancipation Dress Reform and Comfort Waists. Corded Waists a specialty. New Illustrated Pamphlet Free.

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Most elegant resort. First class imported Wines, Liquors, Cigars, etc. Claussen & Sons' Bohemian Beer on draught.
GEORGE SCHOEN, Manager.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The Oldest and Best of all
STOMACH BITTERS,
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.
To be had in Quarts and Pints.
L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor.
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\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free.
Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

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And STEREOPTICONS, all prices. Views illustrating every subject for PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS, etc.
A profitable business for a man with small capital. Also Lanterns for home amusement. 116-page catalogue free.
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DONT NEGLECT YOUR TEETH IN THE GOLDEN AGE OF GIRLHOOD
Preserve the beauty of the teeth with
SOZODONT,
and then, when the hair is silvered, and the eyes dimmed with years, the mouth will still reveal two glittering rows of unsullied ivory.

THE BEST THE QUEBERWATCH CASE



I CURE FITS When I say cure, I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and will cure you. Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 123 Pearl Street, New York.

HAVING learned from our exchanges that many persons prominent in politics and literature would make their debut on the lecture platform this Winter, our ubiquitous reporter interviewed a number of the parties named, to obtain the titles of their respective discourses, with the following result:

B. F. Butler: Subjects—"Massachusetts Blue Blood" and "Eating Crow."
 John Kelly: Subjects—"Tammany a Synonym for Honesty" and "To the Victors Belong the Spoils."
 Samuel J. Tilden: Subjects—"The Barrel as a Reform Element in Politics" and "The Conveniences of Bachelor Life."
 John Stewart: Subjects—"Soreheadism" and "Democracy in Disguise."
 Lydia Pinkham: Subjects—"Female Beauty" and "Yours For Health."
 William H. Vanderbilt: Subjects—"Monopoly a Public Blessing" and "The Public be D—."
 John Sullivan, the Bruiser: Subjects—"Boston Culture" and "Muscle vs. Brains."
 Sweet Singer of Michigan: Subject—"The Washtub as a Poetical Inspiration."
 Cyrus W. Field: Subject—"Major André as an American Patriot."
 Congressman Robinson: Subjects—"Twisting the British Lion's Tail" and "Dynamite for John Bull."
 Henry Vennor: Subjects—"Guessing at the Weather" and "Put Not Your Trust in Prophets."
 Col. A. K. McClure: Subjects—"What I Know About Reform" and "Disappointed Office-seekers."
 O'Donovan Rossa: Subjects—"Where is the Skirmishing Fund?" and "Freeing Ireland—in New York."
 Governor Hoyt: Subjects—"Humiliation" and "Political Weathercocks."
 Samuel J. Randall: Subject—"Free Trade or Protection—Which?"
 Tom Marshall: Subject—"A Boss in Need is a Friend Indeed."
 For terms, etc., address, etc.

—Norristown Herald.

THE Spencerian mode of expression is very fashionable just now, and you must not speak of a person as lazy; you must simply insinuate that he is "constitutionally inert."—*Lowell Citizen.*

It is said all things come to those who wait. That may be, but a family waiting for a load of coal may freeze to death before it comes.—*N. O. Picayune.*

BED-BUGS, ROACHES,
 Rats, mice, ants, flies, vermin, mosquitos, insects, etc., cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c. boxes at druggists.

Four applications of German Corn Remover cure the worst corns without pain or annoyance. 25 cts. Druggists.

If your complaint is want of appetite, try half a wine-glass of **Angostura Bitters** half an hour before dinner. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.



KEEP THE SYSTEM
 regular with Tropic-Fruit Laxative, and you will always feel and look well. It is better than pills and the usual purgatives. Unlike them, it doesn't sicken or weaken the stomach. The dose is small, the taste delicious. Ladies and children like it. Try a 25-cent box, and you will be sure to adopt it as a family necessity. Sold by all Druggists.

10 cts. PAY for the famous STAR SPANGLED BANNER 5 cts. Nothing like it. Large 8 Page, 40 Columns, Illus. Paper. 21st yr. Splendid Stories, Sketches, Poems, Wit, Humor, and Fun. Specimens FREE. SEND NOW. Address, BANNER, HINDALLS, N. H. **10 Cts.**

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 I have a positive remedy for the above disease: by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P.O. address DR. T. A. SLOOUM, 161 Pearl St., N. Y.

BEST 85 SELF INKER PRINTING PRESS: with Script Type Outfit, \$1.50 extra. Puck Sample Cards and Catalogue, 3 cents. W. C. EVANS, 50 N. Ninth St., Phila., Pa.

Mark's Adjustable Folding-Chair Co.
 were awarded a gold medal at the recent Cotton Exposition at Atlanta. Send for illustrated catalogue. 850 BROADWAY, N. Y. 221 and 223 STATE STREET, Chicago, Ill.

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 Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail box, by express, of the best Candies in the World, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once.
 Address **C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,**
 78 Madison St., Chicago.

CIGARETTES.

A few professional cranks, eager for notoriety, and with a sublime ignorance of the subject, aided to a certain extent by the sensational press, have circulated reports that

OPIUM

AND OTHER DRUGS ARE USED IN THE MANUFACTURE OF CIGARETTES.

This, so far as our goods are concerned, we pronounce **UNQUALIFIEDLY FALSE** from beginning to end, and without one iota of truth to sustain it.

OLD JUDGE CIGARETTES AND SMOKING TOBACCO

Have always been perfectly PURE and HARMLESS, and never contained any OPIUM, DRUGS, FLAVORINGS or DELETERIOUS SUBSTANCES of any kind.

The Tobacco we use is NATURAL LEAF, selected to please the TASTE, and not the EYE. It is perfectly PURE, NOT BLEACHED by ACIDS, CHEMICALS, or any ARTIFICIAL PROCESS to give it a bright appearance to the detriment of the quality, but has that rich brown color pertaining to all fine grades of Smoking Tobacco. Of the truth of the above, the following certificates from some of the most celebrated Analytical Chemists in the United States cannot fail to convince even the most sceptical, and satisfy them that our goods are entitled to the trade-mark they have so well earned.

"BEATS THE WORLD."

GOODWIN & CO., New York,

LARGEST CIGARETTE MANUFACTURERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

BELLEVUE HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE.

New York, September 16, 1882.

MESS. GOODWIN & Co., New York.

GENTLEMEN:

In compliance with your request, I have purchased in open market in this city, Brooklyn, and Jersey City, at fifty different stores, fifty packages each of your "Old Judge" Cigarettes and Smoking Tobacco.

I have submitted the Tobacco taken from these sources to Chemical Analysis, for the purpose of determining the presence or absence of Opium or its compounds, or other deleterious or injurious substances foreign to the Tobacco. Having failed to find any traces of these abnormal substances, I feel warranted in testifying to the purity of your "Old Judge" Cigarettes and Smoking Tobacco.

Yours respectfully,

R. OGDEN DOREMUS, M.D., LL.D.,

Professor Chemistry and Toxicology in the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, and Professor of Chemistry and Physics in the College of the City of New York.

Prof. BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, of Yale College, writes:

New Haven, October 9, 1882.

MESS. GOODWIN & Co., New York.

GENTLEMEN:

At your request I have, through my purveyor, purchased at different retailers fifty lots of "Old Judge" Cigarettes and fifty of Smoking Tobacco, of the same trade-mark, all in original packages, for chemical examination, especially with a view to the detection of Opium or other deleterious drugs.

I have now to report, after a searching examination, that this large sample of "Old Judge" Tobacco is entirely free from Opium or any deleterious addition.

Yours respectfully,

B. SILLIMAN.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

DR. F. A. GENTH,

Consulting and Analytical Chemist.

W. PHILADELPHIA, September 19, 1882.

MESS. GOODWIN & Co., New York.

GENTLEMEN:

In accordance with the instructions received from you, I have purchased at fifty different stores in this city, fifty packages each of your "Old Judge Smoking Tobacco" and "Old Judge Cigarettes," and, taking a portion from each package, I have obtained an average sample, of which I have made a careful analysis. This examination was especially made for the purpose of ascertaining whether it contained any Opium, or derivatives of the same, or any other injurious substance foreign to Tobacco.

Having obtained only negative results, I can testify to the purity of your "Old Judge Smoking Tobacco" and "Old Judge Cigarettes."

Yours truly,

F. A. GENTH.

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., October 7, 1882.

MESS. GOODWIN & Co., New York City.

GENTLEMEN:

I have purchased at different places in Washington and Georgetown, D. C., fifty (50) samples each of "Old Judge Cigarettes" and "Old Judge Smoking Tobacco." No two samples of the Cigarettes or of Smoking Tobacco were bought at the same place. In every place the seals upon the packages were unbroken when bought. I have submitted these several samples of Cigarettes and Smoking Tobacco to a thorough chemical examination, for the purpose of determining whether they contained any Opium, or other deleterious substances, and I have several times repeated the work.

As a result of my examination, I have failed in every case to find the least trace of Opium, opium compounds, or injurious substances of any kind added to the Tobacco.

Sincerely yours, PETER COLLIER,
 Chemist of the Department of Agriculture.

UNIVERSITY OF BUFFALO. LABORATORY OF CHEMISTRY.

BUFFALO, October 17, 1882.

MESS. GOODWIN & Co., New York.

GENTLEMEN:

I have examined fifty different samples of "Old Judge Smoking Tobacco" and as many packages of the "Old Judge Cigarettes," which were purchased by or for me, at fifty-two different tobaccoists in the cities of Buffalo, N. Y., Rochester, N. Y., Rutland, Vt., Burlington, Vt., and Boston, Mass. The method of examination used was that followed in cases of suspected poisoning, and it failed to reveal the presence of any trace of the alkaloids of Opium, or any deleterious substance, other than the natural alkaloid of Tobacco—nicotine.

Yours very respectfully,

R. A. WITTHAUS, A.M., M.D.,

Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology, University of Buffalo; Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology, University of Vermont; Professor of Physiological Chemistry, University of New York.

PROFESSOR LEONARD S. ROOT.

52 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, Oct. 14, 1882.

MESS. GOODWIN & Co., New York.

GENTLEMEN:

Having taken promiscuously, from all parts of your factories, samples of "Old Judge Cigarette Tobacco" and "Old Judge Smoking Tobacco," in all stages of their processes of manufacture and of the finished products, in all 1,354 samples, and being familiar with the various ethers, essences, extracts, acids, oils, dried fruits, fruit-juices, odoriferents, simples and compounds in use by the trade and known under the general head of "Flavoring," I have made a Chemical Analysis of the samples so taken for Opium and its compounds, and special tests for "flavoring."

The result of this work proves that the "Old Judge Cigarettes" and "Old Judge Smoking Tobacco" are free from Opium, opium compounds, "flavoring," or any injurious substance whatever ulterior to the Tobacco.

Yours respectfully,

LEONARD S. ROOT.

CATARRH



SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

Head Colds, Watery Discharges from the Nose and Eyes, Ringing Noises in the Head, Nervous Headache and Fever instantly relieved.

Choking mucus dislodged, membrane cleansed and healed, breath sweetened, smell, taste and hearing restored and ravages checked.

Cough, Bronchitis, Droppings into the Throat, Pains in the Chest, Dyspepsia, Wasting of Strength and Flesh, Loss of Sleep, etc., cured.

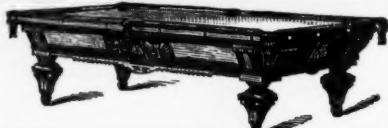
One bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent and one Dr. Sanford's Inhaler, in one package, of all druggists, for \$1. Ask for SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE. WEEKS & POTTER, Boston.



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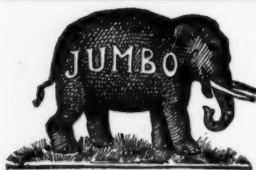
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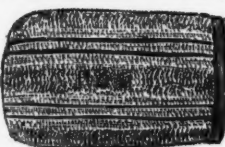


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BRUSHES,
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Send for the Jumbo Catalogue.



Flesh Gloves and Belts.

For wet or dry use. Highly recommended by the Medical Profession for imparting a Natural Vigor to the Nervous System, for Strengthening Weak Limbs, and for the Prevention and relief of Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, etc. These are much more

handy and used to better advantage than the crash towel. Price of Gloves, 75 cents, \$1.00, \$1.25 per pair.

Flesh Belts, each, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00.
" Pads, " \$1.25, \$1.50.

The above goods are all of this year's importation, and by the best French and English makers. We have the largest assortment of any house in the world. Our new catalogue of 192 pages, 800 illustrations, by mail, 10 cents.

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THE BIGGEST THING OUT (new)
Illustrated Book. Sent Free.
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APROPOS to Sir Garnet Wolseley's writing and causing to be circulated among the soldiers a work called "The Soldier's Pocket Companion," this ingenious lie is told: "It appears that he is fond, like Napoleon, of addressing himself directly to the soldiers under his command. 'Now, my man,' he said: 'if you were told to lighten your kit by half a pound, what should you throw away?' 'The Soldier's Pocket Companion,' answered the man, as he respectfully saluted his commander."—*Boston Post.*

THIS is an enlightened country and so forth, but, if you have a relative who annoys you, the sum of \$500 in cash will put him or her in a private insane asylum so much like a grave that the victim might as well be dead.—*Detroit Free Press.*

VIOLINIST Reményi defines genius as "the power a man has to kindle his own fire." It is on a cold Winter morning that a married man is most willing to acknowledge his lack of genius.—*Lowell Citizen.*

WHEN a political party becomes too fresh, the people send it up Salt River.—*Phila. Chronicle-Herald.*

We know that, if every one would use Hop Bitters freely, there would be much less sickness and misery in the world; and people are fast finding this out—whole families keeping themselves well at a trifling cost by its use. We advise all to use them.—*U. S. A. Rochester, N. Y.*

On account of the advance of the season

MESSRS.

JAMES McCREERY & CO

have made reductions in their entire stock of Plushes. They are also able to offer special bargains in their dress goods department in various styles imported TOO LATE for the wholesale trade.

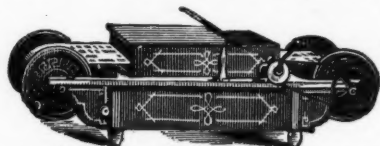
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BEATTY'S ORGANS, 27 stops, \$125. Pianos, \$297.50. Factory running day and night. Catalogue free. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

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WITH THIRTY CHANGES OF POSITIONS.

Parlor, Library, Invalid Chair, Child's Crib, Bed or Lounge, combining beauty, lightness, strength, simplicity and comfort. Everything to an exact science. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Goods shipped to any address, C. O. D. Send for Illustrated Circulars. Quote Puck. Address the WILSON ADJUSTABLE CHAIR

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Automatic Cabinet. Play any Tune.
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A NEW "SOAP" TOILET

It is offered as the only perfect soap for cleaning the skin. It will remove almost instantly any conceivable stain, leaving the skin white and smooth; prevents chapping of either the face or hands.

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GENUINE
THANKSGIVING TREAT

Come and See the
WONDERFUL DISPLAY of
Christmas Toys and Presents, and
HOLIDAY GOODS IN GENERAL,
AT
EHRICHS'
EIGHTH AVENUE,
24th and 25th Sts.

We have added to our usual stock one of the finest collections of Bronzes, Antiques, and "Articles de Vertu" to be found in the city, which we are offering at prices that are simply amazingly low when compared with those charged by the regular dealers in such articles.

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ESTABLISHED 1838.
E. D. BASSFORD.

To celebrate our advent into our new stores we have reduced prices on everything to furnish your house in China, Glass, Crockery, Silverware and House Furnishing Goods. Just compare our new prices on the celebrated Vienna Coffee Machine and you will be convinced:

Size.	Price.	Size.	Price.
3 Cup,	\$3.25	8 Cup,	\$5.75
4 "	3.75	10 "	6.50
6 "	4.50	12 "	7.50

Remember, by Cup is meant After Dinner Coffee Cup. I only keep the sizes mentioned above.

A household word: Buy from
BASSFORD,
24 and 26 E. 14th St., and 23 and 25 E. 13th St., N. Y.

KEEP'S SHIRTS.

KEEP'S SHIRTS,
COLLARS, CUFFS, UNDERWEAR, GLOVES, NECK-WEAR, HOSIERY, UMBRELLAS, &c., &c.

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Gilds Frames, Ornaments, Furniture, &c.
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In fact, everything for Amateur Theatricals.
SAMUEL FRENCH & SON, 38 East 14th Street, New York

JOHN M. TOUCEY, the Superintendent of the New York Central Company, testified he was present at the scene of the Spuyten Duyvil accident on the evening of the disaster. He said both trains were there.—*Evening Post Report.*

A CHICAGO man has invented a cast-iron tableware that looks just like porcelain, and is in ecstasies when he sees a servant girl drop half a dozen cups and shriek with horror at observing their failure to break.—*Boston Post.*

A MAN at Omaha found \$3 on the street, and he advertised the find to the extent of \$7 and made the loser foot the bill. It is sometimes disagreeable to meet with an honest man.—*Detroit Free Press.*

MR. HOWELLS's new novel will be called "A Woman's Reason." This is a longer title than necessary. He could express the same idea in one word—"Because."—*Philadelphia News.*

THERE are some words in the Bible that lots of men are willing to die defending. It is that verse reading: "Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake."—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald.*

A NEW YORK girl has made \$150,000 by an oil transaction. A can of it blew her rich aunt to kingdom come.—*Boston Post.*

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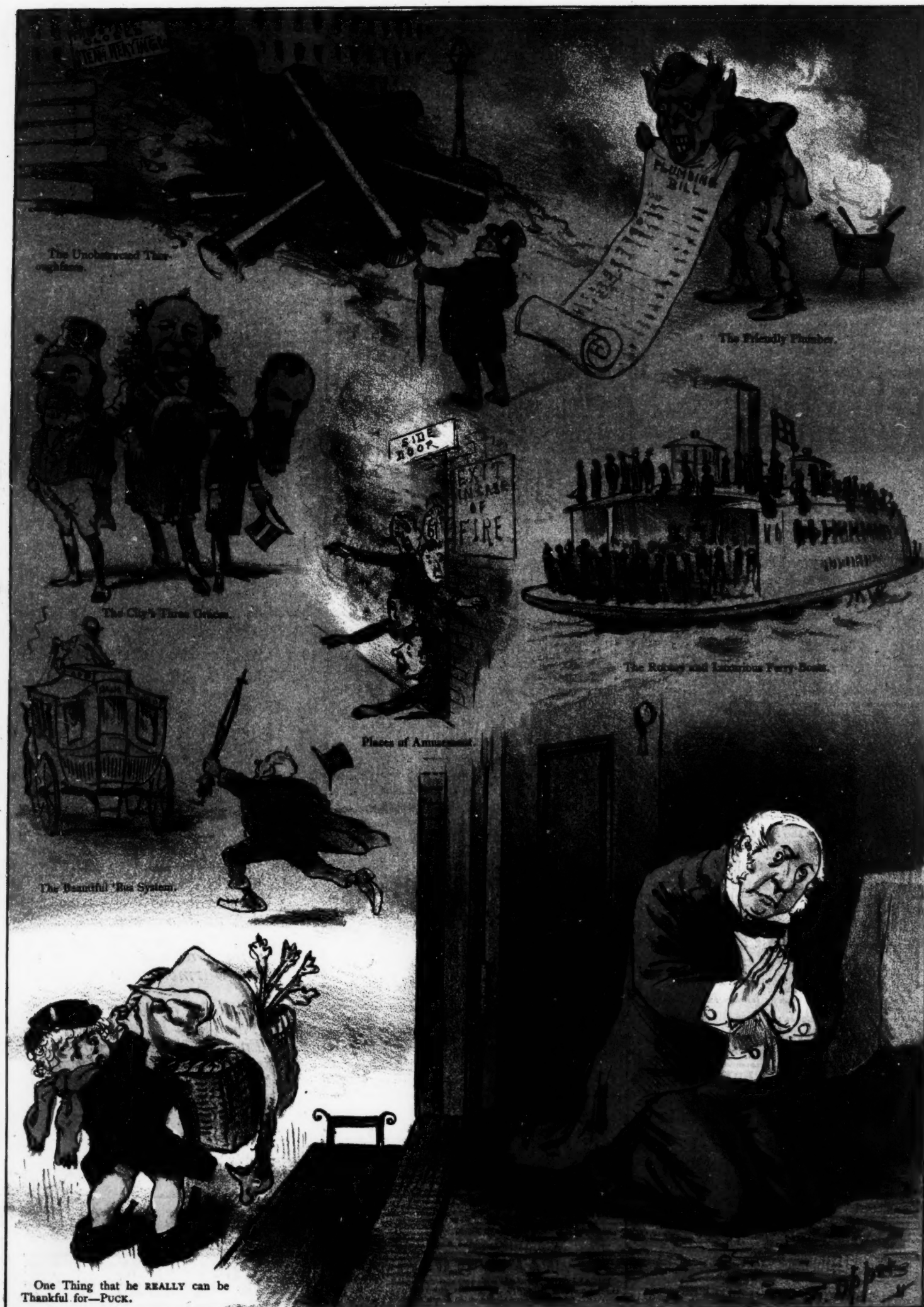
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